Wavelength (August 1984)

Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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MONDAY
College Night Special (9 PM 'til)—Walk In, Crawl Out—Gator Special “Swamp Water”
$1.50—Dixie Longnecks $1.00—Schnapps $1.00
—“Long Island Iced Tea”
“Shoot-Her” Tuesday—Shooters $1.00
—Schnapps - Kamikazi - Dead Commies - Ghetto Blasters

TUESDAY
Charlie’s “Vamp” Night—Ladies Night 9-12 PM
Charlie’s “Bachelor” Party 9-12 PM—“Men’s Night”, Ladies Welcome!

WEDNESDAY
Sean’s “Drink and Drown” 10 PM-1 AM—A Weekly “Theme” Party, $8.00—Open Well

THURSDAY
“Double Trouble” 10 PM-12 PM, — 2 for 1 Drink Specials

FRIDAY
“Jamaican Jam”, Reggae Music—“Free Barbecue” 1 PM- 5 PM — Chicken - Sausage - Potatoe Salad — Exotic Island Drinks $2.50 — “Pirate Special”, Rum $1.00

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

CHAPPS
Restaurant and Bar
A CONTINENTAL BISTRO
ON THE AVENUE
1401 ST. CHARLES
522-1849

CHAPPY HOUR
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 4—8 PM
$1.00 Bar Brands

CONTINENTAL BISTRO
ON THE AVENUE
1401 ST. CHARLES
522-1849
"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."
—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Cover photo by Elemore Morgan, from "The Makers of Cajun Music."

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Dedicating Longhorn... Uh, Longhair

Louisiana World Exposition chief Pete Spurney is a man with a lot on his mind (as well as a trillion creditors beating at his door) so we should probably forgive him for calling Professor Longhair “Professor Longhorn” at the recent ceremonies dedicating Coco Robichaux’s bronze bust of the late pianist, which now resides in the courtyard of the Federal Fibre Mills Building. An amusing faux-pas it was, reminiscent of the time Councilman Frank Friedler referred to Clarence “Gate-mouth” Brown as “Gatehouse” Brown at an outdoor concert, preceding Brown’s tour of Africa.

Spurney, accompanied by Councilman “Rockin’ Sidney” Barthelmy, declared July 20 “Professor Longhair (or Longhorn) Day” at the World’s Fair and the Fortier High School Band, sweltering in wool uniforms, performed its new arrangements of “Big Chief” and “Go To The Mardi Gras.”

Also performing at the ceremony were two of New Orleans’ younger brass bands—ReBirth and the All-Stars.

According to Sculptor Robichaux, the bust will eventually be moved to Longhair’s old stomping grounds, amidst the skyscrapers and parking lots. Henry Byrdland Roe—er, Henry Roeland Byrd—would be pleased although he probably would’ve preferred his bronze likeness with the ever-present sunglasses intact.

—Bunny Matthews

**Little Richard: Duped By Rupe?**

Good old Little Richard seems to be back in the limelight, what with an upcoming biography ready for the bookshelves, the steamier parts of which were printed in a recent issue of *Rolling Stone* and an $80 million suit in which he claims he did not receive proper royalties for thirty of his songs.

In the suit filed in Los Angeles, Richard W. Penniman—a.k.a. Little Richard—admitted signing a release and settlement binder with Specialty Records on November, 1959. In return for $11,000, Penniman agreed to sign over all future recording royalties to a company owned by Art Rupe. The agreement settled a lawsuit initiated that year by Penniman, who claimed he had not been paid proper recording royalties.

Venice Music, who published Penniman’s material, was sold years back by Rupe to ATV, which now holds the rights to the songs in question.

In the new suit Penniman argues that he was inexperienced when dealing with Rupe and that he was ill advised by Rufus Carter, his lawyer at the time, who, Penniman claimed, was provided by Rupe. Among the songs in question are “Tutti Frutti,” “Lucille,” “Long Tall Sally,” “Rip It Up,” “Ready Teddy,” and “The Girl Can’t Help It.”

The defendants are accused of not paying Little Richard for “work, labor, services and love” since 1955.

—Almost Slim
July the Fourth marked the first annual New Sarpy Blues Festival, held at the Lone Star Camp Grounds. The above photo captures a very historic moment, just after the festival's completion. Second to the end on the left is Johnny Adams, better known as the "Tan Canary." On his left is Baron Von Dyke, former Drifter and onetime resident deejay at Mason's Las Vegas Strip Center, looking like he just got his tax refund check, is Ernie K-Doe, who got the whole thing rolling and tossed bags of genuine diamonds to the audience. The lady standing Ernie in the middle is Jean Knight, famed for "Mr. Big Stuff." Just next to her (in the day camp supervisor disguise) is the current president of the Kenner blues mafia, Cleon Floyd, who organized and funded the proceedings. Behind him stands Soulman Jimmy and, to his left, Zeke the Freak and the soul gang.

Toussaint Scores C.A.C. Musical

Pianist Allen Toussaint, who penned such New Orleans classics as "Mother-In-Law," "It's Rainin'," as well as "Java" and "Southern Nights," has written the songs for a new musical drama playing at the Contemporary Arts Center.

We Love You, William, created by actor/writer Anthony Bean, premiering at the C.A.C. August 2-5, 9-12, and 16-19, involves a black American actor in the late 1950's who finds fame and fortune in Europe under an alias with a falsified background. After ten years the expatriate decides to reveal the truth about himself and to seek acceptance from his family and homeland.

Bean, a New Orleans native, began working on his story about two years ago and soon hooked up with Toussaint who had a long-standing desire to work on a musical. Toussaint wound up writing 22 new songs for We Love You, William.

The lead role is being portrayed by Bean, who is also directing the play. Joining Bean in the cast is Barbara Shorts of One Mo' Time fame as the actor's mother, along with Sandra Richards, Florence Williams, Daniel Hughes, Ralph Joseph, Floyd Bean, Barbara Staff and Joseph Campo. We Love You, William features a chorus and dance group with choreography by Pat Sylvain of the New Orleans Contemporary Dance Company, and musical direction is by E. Diane Lyles, director of bands at Xavier University.

Commercial

(This news item is to be sung to the tune of "Old McDonald Had A Farm")

"Bobby Womack's singing for an ad on radio,
He dubbed the vocals with Big Al
At Sea Saint Studios,
With a Stroh's beer here,
and a Stroh's beer there,
here a Stroh's, there a Stroh's,
Everywhere a Stroh's beer,
Sixty seconds and big bucks,
That's the way it goes...

—Almost Slim

Bob Cataliotti

Toussaint and Womack: 'A thousand bottles of Stroh's on the wall..."
Aaron Tells It

DECEMBER 1966—After nearly a decade of recording excellent, but commercially indistinct singles for a variety of New Orleans labels, Aaron Neville (yes that's really him in the photo) signs with a new company, Parlo Records. Parlo was formed by Warren Parker, Red Tyler and George Davis. Aaron Neville is given a blues ballad penned by Davis and Lee Diamond. The record achieved what only one record in thousands ever does: It topped the national R&B charts during its 17-week stay in the charts and made it to number two in the pop charts. The song of course was "Tell It Like It Is," which earned a gold record soon after its release and can presently be found on the walls of Mr. Neville’s Valence Street house.

—Almost Slim

To the Editor:

I would like to comment on Almost Slim’s critique of some New Orleans musicians in 1984 Jazz Festival Review (WL 44).

He stated, “It’s obvious from the number of listless, lethargic and unrehearsed sets I encountered that in many artists’ minds the Jazz Festival has degenerated into another easy payday. I have no interest in sitting in the hot sun and listening to rehashes of top 40 at a festival that should have the greatest music in the world on display.”

I agree with Almost Slim on this point, but I would like to offer as food for thought to the readers that I don’t feel that this is entirely the musicians’ fault.

Many New Orleans musicians must find it hard to keep their acts honed and inspired when they get next to no support in their own home town. Many are hired maybe only a few times a year, and then only a few people show up to see them. After a while of beating their heads against the wall, it can be expected that they will atrophy and their performances deteriorate, while others sacrifice their originality to join the ranks of generic top 40 musicians, in hopes of making a living at least.

Another case in point is the closing of Tipitina’s, due in part to lack of local support for local music. My message is this, New Orleans: You have much of the best music in the world. Support it throughout the year. Your musicians aren’t expected to be that excited about it if you don’t show them you’re excited about them.

Remember, you don’t miss the water ‘til the well runs dry.

P.S. Keep up the good work, Slim; you’re a good man.

—A Patron of the Arts

New Orleans

Aaron Neville

To the Editor:

Talked to you from Dallas, Tx. the other day. I was telling you about the New Orleans music scene here in Dallas. They love it.

I was born and raised in New Orleans, in the Ninth Ward and Gentilly. I learned to play music there. I started with a group called Favor and went on from there. I even played piano with Johnny Adams and Walter Washington. I left New Orleans eight years ago to play a two-week gig. I got stuck here and things began to snowball.

Since I arrived here, I have had numerous New Orleans type bands, and I wrote a song that went to #40 in Billboard (1982). I currently play piano and sing at a small bar in Dallas, the Greenville Bar & Grill, a New Orleans type bar—Mardi Gras posters on the wall and even red beans and gumbo (but not like my mother’s).

There are also other New Orleans musicians here. Saxophonist Glen Rothstein and I do Mardi Gras shows here if we’re not in New Orleans. The people go crazy for it.

Bass player Roy Dubos lives in Dallas. He plays in a jazz trio at the Sheraton Dallas.

Drummer Bobby Breaux is also in Dallas working all the best gigs.

Glen Gilbeau, a piano player and singer, works around town solid.

We are far away but we can’t forget the simple pleasures we no longer can find. Like decent French bread, fresh oysters, Barga’s root beer, all nite drinking and snowballs.

I say thanks to Allen Toussaint, Dr. John, the Meters, the Nevilles, Chris Kenner, Ernie K-Doe, Benny Spellman, Earl King, Henry Roeland Byrd, Fats Domino, Huey Smith, Lee Dorsey, and all New Orleans musicians who created and sang music with such longevity.

—Dennis Cavalier

Dallas, Tx.
Multiple Places' Duncan McCord slips across the stage between keyboards and microphone in elfin fashion; a mischievous lock of hair, waifishly drawn across his face, keeps secret his extraordinary good looks. His glance down at the audience compels them to listen and the listener quickly realizes that this is one formidable quartet.

Multiple Places is an intriguing new group. The band plays a sophisticated rock punctuated by bass player Marc Boudousquie's and drummer Rodney Rollins' "jazzy blues" rhythm section, McCord's slick keyboards, a "punchy" guitar played by Setley Smith, and McCord's and Smith's strong textured vocals. By the band's own admission, Rollins' drumming is the musical focal point. The last member to jump on the bandwagon, Rollins previously played with the reggae band Kush, and he has only recently been exposed to "new music."

The playlist is mostly original, but with a smattering of some excellent if somewhat obscure covers such as XTC's "Respectable Street," The Jam's "Ghost," Echo and the Bunnymen's "Back of Love," and Joe Jackson's "Sunday Papers." The originals touch on some vastly diverse styles. "Anything and Everything" is a romantic love ballad heavy on the harmonies, while "Circlin' Around" is a decidedly upbeat reggae rock song. The bittersweet "After The Fall" relies strongly on keyboards and synthesizer, though it is McCord's vocals that dominate here. Most of the songs are individually composed and then arranged by the entire group.

Multiple Places plan to really push the limits of Rollins' talent in the future, as well as expand with a synthesizer. They want to experiment in every way, especially in the studio. "We won't be playing the same stuff in another year," Smith remarked.

One thing that won't change is MP's attitude about their New Orleans heritage. "We want to make use of our own culture," says Smith. The band is concerned about rejuvenating and reuniting the city's music scene. "You have to absorb your own roots before you look to other cities." McCord notes that "everything's recycled anyway and everyone always ends up looking here; it's all gonna come back here to New Orleans."

Vehemently opposed to loud music, Multiple Places searches for a new approach to sound engineering. "Our sound changes from song to song. It doesn't have to scream at you, the audience will really reach out and listen if it's done right." Every other aspect of the music medium is just as crucial to them. Lighting, a stage show, being entertainers, is all part of the deal. They especially look to have audience participation. "We try to bridge the gap between the band and the audience."

As far as the present is concerned, the band believes they have barely begun to tap their potential. Claiming to be a somewhat lazy and undisciplined group, they realize they have to spend more time working. Yet they also feel that some bands spend too much time rehearsing and that improvisation during a show gives them a creative edge, not to mention some unexpected sparks.

Knowing that being a band from New Orleans is only an advantage, Smith claims with sure conviction, "If you can stun people with your music here, you can stun any audience and get a job anywhere."
Nouvelle Camp Street

At the corner of Camp and Julia streets, in the heart of what was once Skid Row, stands the pastel 19th-century building housing Esther’s, not to be confused with two other local restaurants (in, respectively, Gentilly and Harvey) utilizing the same name. The establishment in question is owned by chef Esther Carpenter, a 30-year-old native of Natchez, and literary fare, served in elegant rooms designed by local architect John Christia, adheres to the modern *nouveau american* mandates. Camp Street’s winos of seasons past, quite content with their luncheon meat and cheap port, wouldn’t recognize the place.

Between lunch and dinner one summer afternoon, the soft-spoken proprietress sipped iced-tea from a brown glass and gently discussed her restaurant, somewhat nervously eyeing this writer’s trusty tape-recorder.

Why did you decide to open a restaurant in this neighborhood?

I was living in Paris at the time that I heard the World’s Fair was going to happen and I thought it was an exciting thing for New Orleans. It was an incentive for me to come down here and open the restaurant I’ve always wanted. So I started looking in this area.

I wasn’t really excited about the Quarter because it’s like you almost know you can make it there—it’s not that much of a challenge and it would never work. To me, it seems like the New Orleans business district has to move this way.

We’re a growing city and they’re locked in by the lake and the Quarter and the river on the other side, so all it has to do is spill out this way. And then there’s these wonderful buildings over here, too, that just cry to be renovated. Really, after they passed that tax law that gave 25% investment tax credit on historic buildings, everyone started getting on the bandwagon. Anyway, I thought it would be a good area—an exciting, challenging place.

*Were you going to school in Paris at the time you started your restaurant?*

No, I was working there. I worked in three different restaurants when I was there.

*Where did you train to be a chef?*

At the Culinary Institute. It’s a two-year professional school for chefs in Hyde Park, New York.

Did you also attend college?

Yes, I went to Hollins College in Virginia. I was studying art then. I don’t know why I became disillusioned with my artwork so much but gave up. Somehow, food became more of a medium for me in my art than paint.

I had always cooked growing up. My dad and I cooked together, my maid and I cooked. I was always hanging out in the kitchen. When it came time for me to get a job, it was really the only lucrative thing I knew how to do.

I started out in Baton Rouge cooking in a couple of little places. Then I worked at Chef Brandt restaurant for a year. It’s owned by a Swiss man who is a wonderful chef—real strict, real idealistic about food. He really gave me a new picture about what food and cuisine could be, how to really do it right and what a pleasure it could be.

He urged me to go on and I asked him where I could get formal training and he suggested I go to the Culinary Institute. At the time I was going to school, I also worked in New York at the Quilled Giraffe restaurant, which serves *nouvelle* cuisine. I guess that was the best place I’ve ever worked in. Their ideas about food affected me more than anyone’s.

And then you went to France?

I always wanted to go to France because in the back of my mind, I always felt like there was a vacuum that was going with is what’s going on.

Yeah! Let me see if I can think of a dish that would typify it. I make poached sweetbreads at night with a creamy lobster sauce to go over them. Then I sauté crawfish and mushrooms as a garnish. I think using local products in new and different ways with other different things that you wouldn’t think about them going with is what’s going on.

To take a traditional local dish like oysters Rockefeller, you could maybe sauté some fresh spinach with chopped, fresh fennel, put it in the little oyster shell and put the poached oysters in and then put a creamy flavored *beurre blanc* over the top. What I think of in my mind when I think of nouvelle food is a much cleaner taste.

*Does your restaurant have any Specialties de la Maison yet?*

One of the things people really like I myself—I think it is a good dish. It’s an appetizer at night: baby quail with *foie gras* and brandy sauce. We completely bone-out the quail, which we do with more of our poultry, and then we put them each half on a little croûteton with a slice of *foie gras* on top and brandy sauce. It’s served with quail eggs and looks real pretty. It tastes so good! It really does. People love it. Now, we’re starting to sell a million quail each week. It’s driving me crazy because I have to bone them all.

*How do you define nouvelle cuisine?*

First of all, a lot of people don’t understand nouvelle cuisine. I say nouvelle cuisine is the classic way of cooking without the heavier, floury sauces. There’s an emphasis on shorter cooking times for meats, as well as vegetables. And there’s a great emphasis on the culinary presentation of the food.

The nouvelle american cuisine, I think, uses the nouvelle techniques—the French techniques with American products and American ideas and input from more areas.

*Has a New Orleans version of nouvelle cuisine developed?*

Yes! We can go anywhere and eat nouvelle cuisine. I think the French have almost said they’re going with is what’s going on.

Let me give you an example of what happens when I think of nouvelle food. I think of roasted quail, which we do with most of our poultry, but if you think of the traditional way it’s done, I see the little oyster shell and put the poached oysters in and then add a creamy flavored *beurre blanc* over the top. What I think of in my mind when I think of nouvelle food is a much cleaner taste.

Do you find that New Orleansians care more about their food than other people?

They do, I think. I haven’t really been that much to the mid-states but I think if you go there, you find out people really don’t eat anything like what we do. But because I’m so exposed to food and I’ve lived in New York, I think, ‘Well, people here don’t know anything.’ But of course they do. And they’re also very willing to try new things, which is nice.

I think people like to hunt a lot around here and they’re used to eating venison, they’ll try different garniers. I had wild boar and antelope on the menu last fall and it went over real well.

Do you still paint?

No, I don’t have the time anymore. As I was saying before, I try to really have each plate different and to create a picture on every plate. I don’t always give everyone the same vegetable. Each vegetable I pick out to go with the food. Then, each person gets a design on their plate.

*Does your restaurant have any Specialties de la Maison yet?*

One of the things people really like I myself—I think it is a good dish. It’s an appetizer at night: baby quail with *foie gras* and brandy sauce. We completely bone-out the quail, which we do with more of our poultry, and then we put them each half on a little croûton with a slice of *foie gras* on top and brandy sauce. It’s served with quail eggs and looks real pretty. It tastes so good! It really does. People love it. Now, we’re starting to sell a million quail each week. It’s driving me crazy because I have to bone them all.

*Wavelength* August 1984

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**DINETTE SET**

**BUNNY MATTHEWS**

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**Wavelength** August 1984
Hottest Videos
New videos added to MTV:

- My Oh My - Slade (CBS)
- Hello Again - Cars (Elektra)
- Leave the Tender Moments Alone - Billy Joel (Columbia)
- American Beat - Fleshtones (IRS)
- "Glamorous Life" - Sheila E. (Warner Bros.)
- "Head Over Heels" - Photograph (Warner Bros.)
- "Photograph" - Photograph (Warner Bros.)
- "Sister Christian" - Journey (MCA)
- "You're the Best Thing" - Style Council (Chrysalis)
- "Jump" - Meat Loaf (Mercury)
- "Time After Time" - Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- "Jump" - Van Halen (Warner Bros.)
- "Legs" - ZZ Top (Warner Bros.)
- "Eyes Without a Face" - Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
- "Photograph" - Photograph (Warner Bros.)
- "Head Over Heels" - Photograph (Warner Bros.)
- "No Way Out" - Jefferson Starship (RCA)
- "Hello Again" - Cars (Elektra)
- "My Oh My" - Slade (CBS)
- "Tuesday Afternoon" - The Moody Blues (Columbia)
- "Jump for My Love" - Pointer Sisters (MCA)

Heavy Rotation on MTV:

- "You Might Think" - Cars (Elektra)
- "Oh Sherrie" - Steve Perry (Columbia)
- "American Beat" - Fleshtones (IRS)
- "Photograph" - Photograph (Warner Bros.)
- "Head Over Heels" - Photograph (Warner Bros.)
- "No Way Out" - Jefferson Starship (RCA)
- "Eyes Without a Face" - Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
- "Time After Time" - Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- "Jump" - Van Halen (Warner Bros.)
- "Legs" - ZZ Top (Warner Bros.)

Top of the Charts

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<td>Jeopardy furniture</td>
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<td>Rebel Yell</td>
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<td>Mirror Moves</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Street Talk</td>
<td>&quot;I'm Not a Miracle&quot; - Culture Club (Virgin)</td>
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On Tour

Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the USA Tour" began in St. Paul, Minnesota June 29 and headed east. Fans of The Boss will notice a new face in his E Street Band - guitarist Nils Lofgren, who replaced Miami Steve Van Zandt.

Personal Favorites


Critic's Choice

Iain Blair Rides Into the Cosmos with the Moody Blues

While other legendary bands of the '60s either broke up, died, or went disco and then new wave, the Moody Blues bravely resisted such earthy changes. Admittedly, they did retire for a while, but here they are again in 1984, still playing their own inimitable brand of cosmic rock to a packed and enthusiastic house at LA's Greek Theatre. And if anything, they actually sounded better than ever. Sure, it was mainly a trip down memory lane, but it's still an enjoyable one, and besides the minimal stripped-down approach and sound of much 80s music, the Moody's blend of pretentious lyrics, overblown arrangements, strong songs and sheer musicianship, worked like magic.

Predictably, although the veterans did include some more recent material, it was still like "Nights in White Satin," "Tuesday Afternoon" and "Just A Singer In A Rock and Roll Band" that had everyone singing along and cheering wildly. The band's harmonies were as strong as ever, and Patrick Moraz's keyboard work pushed all the right buttons for the adoring crowd. If nothing else, the Moodys are true survivors, having outlived most of their critics as Ray Thomas duly noted. But they also put on a tight and enjoyable show and give their audience what they want - an evening of nostalgia run rampant.

In the Studio

Steve Miller is at Capitol Records working on his forthcoming record. David Cole is engineering... Engineer/producer Joe Chiccarelli has been quite busy late. He mixed records for The Bangles and an upcoming project for ex-Eagle Glenn Frey. From here, he hopped over to Oceanway Recorders to engineer tracks for Castle Bravo. David Kershbaum produced Chiccarelli was also at the aforementioned Capitol Studios, engineering an MCA project for ex-Eagle Glenn Frey. Frey is producing this one on his own... French singing star Stevie was at Boogie Hotel in Port Jefferson, New York completing an album for CBS International. The record was produced by Jan Malaney and Rosetta Stone. Don Berman engineered with assistance from Jim Sparling. The Philadelphia-based band Parente were also at the studio, cutting material for Atlantic Records. Joe and Lou Parente are co-producing... Jeffrey Kizielek is engineering and Chris Isaacs assisting... Kenny Rogers is using his own studio, Lion Share Recording in Hollywood, to record his next release. Kenny will be co-producing with David Foster and David Molloy. Engineering duties are being shared by Humberto Galica, Tommy Vizari, John Guess, Larry Furgonson and Steve Schmidt. Gatica and Founce are also engineering a Julio Iglesias project at Lion Share, with producer Ramone Arcusa. Meanwhile, work continues at the studio on Donna Summer's new record, which is being produced by Michael O'Martian and engineered by Tom Fouse... Gil Scott-Heron is at Hollywood's Crystal Sound recording with producer Malcolm Cecil. At the same studio, Howard Seigel is producing and engineering a record for Gary Myrick and studio/owner/designer Andrew Berliner is completing a record for Rosemary Butler... Bobby and the Midnights are at Cherokee Studios in LA, recording an album with producer Jeff "Skunk" Baxter. Soap star Michael Dannien ("The Young and the Restless") is cutting tracks with producer Tom Weir and engineer Brad Gilderman... The Cruzados (formerly LA's beloved combo, The Plugz) are recording for EMI with George Tutko producing and engineering. Meanwhile the Metal Assault continues at Cherokee. Ace producer/engineering team Tom Weir and Geoff Workman are doing projects with Dokken and Twisted Sister, while Doug Ryder records Warrior and Brad Gilderman cuts tracks with Rex Havok.
Battling Bands

JIMMY'S NEW MUSIC SHOWCASE
JULY 10th & 11th
5 BANDS PER NIGHT
$2.00 COVER

The first New Music Showcase held at Jimmy's Club was an experimental and eventful ordeal. With two of New Orleans' most locally aimed music mediums charging in to help shoulder the responsibility of pulling this thing off, Wavelength and 13-Q Radio fostered Jimmy Anselmo's most recent brain child — The New Music Showcase "Showdown".

The showcase featured ten not very well known local bands for two consecutive nights. Five bands each night competed for the audience's favor, which in turn should win them the grand prize of studio time at Gilbert Hetherwick's Grouse House Studios.

The general idea was that patrons received a voting ballot upon their initial entry and would stay to hear five mini-sets from the five competing bands and then select their favorite and cast their vote. The ballots would be counted after all bands had played and the winner would be determined by total number of votes received, the most votes wins.

How an individual chooses his or her favorite band, whether through appreciation of its talent or by personal association, the understated purpose of the showdown was to help the fans decide which of these new and not so well known local bands would be worth a return patronage. 13-Q's Terry Knight, "The Dapper Rapper," and Bumper "Bump In The Night" Morgan were on hand for professional introductions, and were the interchangeable M.C.'s. John Tober of Popart did a great job of overseeing the set changes and seemed to have mastered the art of coercive cooperation.

TUESDAY, JULY 10: Final
and stuff the most slips) was The Crowd. ("I thought The Rogues won," said Logan Crowe of The Crowd a few days after the show.) Surely, fans from other bands were expecting a different return for their unrequited support.

**WEDNESDAY, JULY 11:** With ballots now under strict and close scrutiny, the second night's competition drew a much larger crowd, practically double the amount of people from the previous night (a welcomed return for Jimmy's efforts). Popstart kicked in with their own brand of lighthearted pop music and originals. Again, a tough break provided the first of five bands for the night. They played graciously and were genuinely pleased with their meager audience response (the first couple of sets of the evening suffered the impact of a slow but steady increase in patronage). Following Popstart's mini-set was the band Loose Change. They carried themselves well on stage and presented us with some decent vocals and some more covers.

The Numbers came up and did their set. There are only three members in The Numbers. They were not very energetic on stage and their low-lights performance provided a break from the pop music and served as a good conductor into the next set. Another nearsighted R.E.M. influence seemed to be generated.

Vital Functions seemed heartfelt and determined on stage. Theirs was a good performance with an all-around good attitude under the lights and nice vocals from lead singer Anne Levington. The band really kicked up its heels on a few songs and seemed to be a likely contender for the lead.

Last but not least, Multiple Places took to the stage. Immediately a fine drum sound from Rodney Rollins commanded your attention and set down the band's jurisdiction—prestige none of the previous competitors enjoyed. Couple the beat you can't beat with the band's high energy level and lead singer Duncan McCord's infectious playfulness and, most appropriately, fairly, justly and in reality you have our winner of the second night's competition—Multiple Places.

Jimmy Anselmo was pleased with the show of interest The New Music Showcase generated and is presently arranging to run the competition again this month on August 14 and 15. Bands tentatively committed to the arena are The Socials, Frozen Tears, Union Chant, The Cruisers, Taken, the Dino Kruse Band, Nuclear Choir and The Press.

All in all, the price is right and the bands genuinely want the exposure. It's a good way to judge for yourself which of the new, unrecognizable names on the telephone poles are worth their graphic descriptions.

---

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**DANCING**

One of the very few dance floors in the French Quarter.
Ronnie & The Delinquents  
'Bad Neighborhood'  
JC 1000

Here's a rocker from 1959, the first of only two issues on JC Records, a subsidiary of Ace. There never actually was a group called Ronnie and the Delinquents, as Ronnie Barron and Mac Rebennack accounted for most of this record's instrumentation. Barron played acoustic piano and Rebennack the guitar on the basic track and then they overdubbed Barron playing drums and Rebennack on electric piano.

Barron grew up in Algiers, learning to play piano around the Orchid Club where Professor Longhair appeared on occasion. In 1958 he met Mac Rebennack, who was just establishing himself as a songwriter and recording artist. Together they formed the Skyliners to back Frankie Ford on the road and to work dances around town. Initially Barron was groomed as a successor to Ace's other teen idols, Ford and Clanton, but his style proved too rich for the public world of Avalon and Fabian. Barron and Rebennack remained cohorts until after the latter had launched his Dr. John career.

Back to the record, it's a treat from beginning to end. Mac gets some real Ray Charles-like riffs rolling on the electric piano and the vocal interplay between "the Delinquents'" rivals the best rock 'n' roll patter of the Fats Domino or the Clowns. What really makes this one is the wild overdubs of pinball machines, police sirens, and eight balls dropping into the side pocket! This one was reissued on Dr. John's Ace LP ten years ago, but sadly it too has gone out of print.

—Almost Slim

REVIEWS

The Neville Brothers  
NEVILLE-IZATION  
Black Top 1031

It's hard to believe the last time I reviewed a new Neville Brothers album was way back in the pages of the old Figaro. As I recall I offered cautious praise for the Fito on the Bayou LP that appeared on A&M, but in retrospect, I should have been more critical of the production-laden rehashes of old Meters tunes. Since that last release more than three years ago, the Nevilles' rumor-mill had has the Brothers as close to their next major record deal since they signed with Capitol Records. Aloha and Fabian. Barron and Rebennack remained cohorts until

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When I was a young boy, the White Citizens Council used to hand out leaflets on Canal Street saying that the W.C.C. had determined that the children of poor parents should not be allowed to listen to that savage African music," a practice that the W.C.C. had determined would eventually lead to the destruction of our republic. The sort of Africans the council had in mind were probably Wilson Pickett and James Brown but the idea is the same: wild-eyed Mau-Mau tribesmen with electric guitars could sweep right in, trampling down the sober precincts of dignity with their bare feet and stealing people's daughters in the night. Pretty soon, these Mau-Mau punks would be wanting to drink out of the same water-fountains.

Anyway, I can see why James Brown would've freaked-out the White Citizens Council but the idea is the same: wild-eyed Mau-Mau tribesmen with electric guitars could sweep right in, trampling down the sober precincts of dignity with their bare feet and stealing people's daughters in the night. Pretty soon, these Mau-Mau punks would be wanting to drink out of the same water-fountains.

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Dennis McGee: 'C'est pas qui je vieux; c'est just que je ici depuis longtemps.'

'It's not that I'm old; it's just that I've been here a long time.'

Last year I had the pleasure of interviewing John Broven whose South To Louisiana stands as a landmark book in the development of literature on Cajun music. "How could an Englishman write such a comprehensive book on Louisiana music?" I asked him. "I'm a fan," he replied, "a very curious fan, and I honestly don't know why someone from down here didn't write this story before me!"

Mr. Broven will be happy to learn that scheduled for publication this month is a new book from the University of Texas Press by a Louisiana author that is destined to become a landmark oral history in its own right. The Makers of Cajun Musk by Barry Jean Ancelet is possibly the most intimate view many of us will ever get into the aesthetic, lifestyle, and philosophy of Cajun "roots" musicians and their younger contemporaries. Ancelet achieves such intimacy by allowing the musicians to speak in their own colorful dialect and then translating "to represent the simplicity, clarity, and dignity of the original French statements." Ancelet covers subjects from the original, prototypical folk artists like Dennis McGee and Lula Landry, up through successors like Don Montoucet and Clifton Cherier, to those younger musicians who carry the banner of tradition most proudly such as Michael Doucet and Zachary Richard.

The Makers of Cajun Music also contains a number of eloquent photographs by painter Elemore Morgan, Jr. While Morgan's pictures have admittedly been "tempered with the need of the folklorist to record and illustrate," they often manage to show us the pride and spirit of these strong-willed people. The foreword by Ralph Rinzler of the Smithsonian Institute and Ancelet's own history-packed introduction provide a wealth of insight into the cultural climate and tradition from which this music came.

Born in 1893, Dennis McGee is the dean of Cajun fiddlers. He has been playing for over seventy-five years, most of those with his brother-in-law Sady Courville. Their twin fiddling style goes back to Cajun music before the accordion, when reels and contredanses, mazurkas and cotillions were standard fare.

"When I was growing up, people danced to reels. They stopped dancing reels when I was young. They continued to dance contredanses throughout my courting days. When I was just beginning to court, they had stopped dancing reels but still danced contredanses. The reel was a difficult dance and it took good legs. You had to jump around quite a bit. But the contredanse wasn't difficult. You just had to turn around, making little steps while you turned.

"I would love to be twenty years old again. I would want to play over the country. I would want to play and sing so well that everyone would come to me."

-Dennis McGee

Folks who know Dennis often say, "When they made him, they threw away the mold...and thank God!" His personality, his talent, and now his age allow him a great degree of eccentricity, which he relishes whether performing before a folk festival audience or fishing alone in his favorite bayou.

Dennis learned to play from his father, grandfather, and neighbors in I'Anse des Roueaux, near Eunice. His childhood was steeped in fiddle tunes.

"My father played the fiddle, my father-in-law played, and I had an uncle who played the fiddle. My father's name was John McGee and my uncle's name was Ulysse McGee. He played left-handed. Almost all of the McGees were fiddlers. Oscar McGee played the fiddle, too. He was a good musician. He was a son of Joseph McGee, who also played the fiddle.

"My father died a long time ago. And even then, a long time before he died, he had quit playing the fiddle because he got shot in the arm and..."
I bought myself a barber chair. I bought a mirror. I bought a razor, clippers...I bought everything I needed. And I started making a pretty good living. I made good money, and people liked me because I cut hair well. I had learned from some good barbers. I charged a dollar twenty-five. Others charged a dollar and a half, and boy, they were mad at me because I didn't charge as much. But I followed the law. I charged according to the rules. I didn't charge any lower, but I didn't charge any higher either.

With his move to town, Dennis put the musician's life aside, but only for a while. He eventually began playing again with Sady, Angelas Lejeune, and the legendary black Creole accordion player, Amede Ardoin, who profoundly influenced Dennis's music. Amede and Dennis played regularly together for black and white dances and made several records between 1928 and 1932, despite the strict segregationist climate of the times.

"Amede and I worked together. We worked for the same people. We were both sharecroppers. He played the accordion and I played the fiddle. And the boss liked music, so at night he would have us get together to play some. I would play the fiddle and Amede would play the accordion and we would both sing. Oscar Comeaux was the boss's name. He lived in Choupique. He really liked our music. That's when Amede and I started playing together. We kept on playing together after that. Every once in a while, we would play for a dance in the neighborhood. Then when Oscar went broke and quit farming, Amede left to come live in Eunice and I came to live here too. We started playing all over the area. We would go as far as old Mr. Leleux's dance hall in Bayou Queue de Torre. And for Dumas Herpin. We brought so many people to Dumas's place that they climbed up on the little fence they had to protect the musicians from the crowd and they broke it. They came rolling in like balls. It was really funny to see. The people wanted to come to us. We were making good music in those days. I sang well and played the fiddle well, and Amede played and sang well, too. Joe Falcon came to dance to our music. And we'd play just us two, fiddle and accordion. Sometimes we had Petit Negre Shexmuyer to play with us."

"When I stopped playing music, I stayed a long time without playing again. I don't know why, I was just tired of all that. I didn't enjoy playing any more. I worked in the fields. I couldn't work hard in the fields and play all night. Then I decided I was tired of that and I started playing the fiddle again. That's when I started playing with Amede Ardoin and Angelas Lejeune and Arnest Fruge. I played with both accordion players, Angelas and Arnest and I played together as a trio. When I played with Amede, we played just the two of us. I played right with him. Whatever he played, I played. He was the singer and while he sang, I played the melody. But I had quit playing for twenty years, we... started again with Sady and Amede and Angelas."

For years now, Dennis and Sady have been among the last bearers of their venerable tradition, keepers of the oldest tunes and styles. They have influenced many of the fiddlers active in Cajun music directly or indirectly, including Dewey Balfa and Michael Doucet. In recognition of his contribution as a musician, teacher, and living archive, the University of Southwestern Louisiana recently named Dennis McGee Honorary Dean of Cajun Music. He has learned to appreciate his own rich tradition and sprinkles his performances, whether at home for visitors or at festivals, with the kind of full-bodied flavor that comes only with age.

Adieu, Rosa.
Merci demain, c'est pas dimanche.
Adieu, Rosa.
Merci Bon Dieu t'es pas ma femme.
Jure, mon Lord!

"Adieu Rosa," traditional, as performed by Dennis McGee, (La Vieille Musique acadienne, Swanlow 6009, © Flat Top Music (BMI))

Goodbye, Rosa.
Thanks tomorrow is not Sunday.
Goodbye, Rosa.
Thank God you're not my wife.
I swear, my Lord!

"There was a fellow named Doozie Manuel who lived at Pointe aux Tigres who also played old-time fiddle. He never wore shoes and his feet were really long. He stomped his foot on the floor to keep time when he played and, thunderation, you could hear him, fiddle and foot, a mile away. He was one of the best of the old musicians."

"I play one song called 'Guilbeau Pelloquin's Waltz.' It comes from the Old War, that one. He played that tune on his own tomb, just before being shot by a firing squad. Guilbeau Pelloquin. He asked his captain to let him play one tune on his fiddle before dying. He sat down on his coffin and played that tune. When he finished, they shot him and buried him.

"Nobody knows how to play these tunes any more. My daddy used to play them and Sady's daddy and his uncle. But now, I'm the one who keeps the tunes. Sometimes I feel lonely in my music."
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Prince
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Purple Rain

OPENS FRIDAY, JULY 27th, AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU!
BAR EXAM
By Bunny Matthews

THE GREAT NEW ORLEANS BAR

You don't have to cover much territory to find a great bar in New Orleans—usually, it's only a matter of a few steps in one direction or another. Section 545 of the City Code prohibits taverns within 300 feet of churches, schools, playgrounds and public libraries but otherwise any building with a roof can be a bar. And any 18-year-old with a police record free of felonies can secure a permit to sell alcohol.

While the state of Louisiana is renowned as "Sportsmen's Paradise," the city of New Orleans has long been celebrated as a sort of "Alcoholic's Paradise." The cocktail was invented here—presumably because the early settlers could conceive of no other way to survive the intolerable climate and the native insects. Before the Civil War, white New Orleans males, upon reaching the age of 14 or 15, were presented with a stiff drink and a mulatto concubine. All the mysteries of life, reasoned the fathers of the day, could be solved through immersion in alcohol and lust. Reconstruction brought an end to the concubinage and then the serious drinking began. New Orleans has seldom been sober since.

A city so devoted to drinking naturally requires estimable watering holes—perhaps the finest such facilities in the world. Let other, less civilized cities lay claim to economic booms, low crime rates, and the sublimity of modern architecture. We are not ashamed to be the slums of capitalism. It does not particularly bother us when a fellow inhabitant chops his roommate into small pieces, which he then douses with meat-tenderizer for home consumption. Our architectural concerns inspire the installation of woodgrained aluminum siding, designed to combat imaginary home-wrecking beasts who seems to be the by-product of a caricoonist's bout with delirium tremens.

What we know about here, what we are ready to joust with lances over (on the Chalmette Battlefield or the parking lot of Schwennmann's Annunciation Street store, if need be) is bars. We are a fairly loose race hereabouts, a people philosophical in nature. The issue of bars, however, is passionate turf—the realm of rigid, unalterable ideas.

Despite the recent invasion of what one might call "Texas-ized" bars—chic bistros built of glass bricks and furnished with Italian chairs and vases of red anthera—the true "New Orleans-style" bar does not appear to be waning in popularity.

How does the casual observer locate these great temples of local culture and inebriation? There are basically 10 hallmarks of the great New Orleans bar:

1. The bar's windows are painted black with the bar's name in gold lettering, centered between logos for Regal or any other brand of beer that is no longer brewed.

2. The bar's interior walls are coated with swirls of aged plaster, tinted yellowish-brown from cigarette smoke. In the truly great places, nicotine slowly seeps from the ceiling to the linoleum floor.

3. A stuffed fish, also stained from smoke and nicotine, hangs above the cash-register. Other decorations might include a platter, usually manufactured in Brazil, of butterfly wings pressed behind glass; framed photographs of former New Orleans Saints; 3-D pictures of Persian kittens and the crucifixion of Jesus; a Rigid Tools calendar; crinkled pin-ups of Candy "The 7th, 8th and 9th Wonders of the World Together!" Samples; a poster advertising bus rides to Angola (most often seen in great black New Orleans bars); a selection of bounced checks; and a Zulu coconut, half-covered with fuzzy green mold.

4. Plants, if any, are plastic and dusty.

5. The jukebox favors Louis Prima, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Stevie Ray. It is barely audible.

6. The barmaid is a woman of indeterminate age (between 40 and 90) with a dirty mouth and a blonde wig, worn slightly askew. Her arms are bruised.

7. Besides the usual alcoholic beverages, the bar sells pickled eggs, clip-on sunglasses, antifreeze and Zero candy bars.

8. There is at least one customer, wearing a baseball cap, who has never left the bar. His days are spent examining his cuticles and mumbling quietly.

9. The bar's regular patrons all attended parochial school together. They are suspicious and contemptuous of anyone who drives a foreign car.

10. No one goes to this bar to meet people or to arrange sexual liaisons. No one goes "to have a good time." People go to the great New Orleans bar to get drunk.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BAR

One of the big bar hits of the summer is Sheila's, a "Down Under" facility located on the Fulton Street Mall at the World's Fair. Its most notable feature (and a not particularly attractive one) is a 14-foot-high kangaroo, carved from Louisiana cypress by a man with a chainsaw (better used for massacres rather than art, the critic reckons). The live entertainment includes appearances by the Neville Brothers and manager Col Joye says Sheila's will continue to operate after the Louisiana World Exposition.
Ordinarily, one can hear gospel music at Municipal Auditorium or in church. The New Storyville Jazz Hall, 1104 Decatur Street, not only presents live gospel music (on Sunday afternoons) but also the wonderful Placide Adams and his Dixieland Hall Jazz Band. There are church pews for seating, waitresses in black fishnet tights (don't wanna get too religious!), a reasonable cover charge ($2) and children are welcome. The jazz gets more progressive and/or obtuse after Midnight.

THE GREAT CAR BAR

Considering the long-standing popularity of Impalas and Bel-Airs and Sting Rays and Z-28s in this area, Chevy's at the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Lafayette should fare well. The dancefloor is reputed to be the largest in the city and the musical policy (taped or live) is still a matter of experimentation. An actual Chevy is part of the interior decor although this is no Big Deal compared to the late Crash Landing in Metairie, which was built around an airplane—and not a pint-sized Cessna, either.

THE GREAT IRISH BAR

Ryan's 500 Pub, at the corner of Bourbon and St. Louis, aims to move the Irish Channel downtown. The barman, Turlough Faolain (author of Blood On The Harp: Irish Rebel History in Ballad), slow-drips a "proper pint" of Guinness in the customary Irish manner—a procedure that requires a good five minutes of dripping. Danny Doyle and Butch Moore, who battle each other for supremacy of the Irish record charts, have both performed at Ryan's and every Sunday afternoon at 3, there's a ceili—Gaelic for "dance-gathering."

THE GREAT NEW ORLEANS DRINK

Adam Theriot of the Sazerac Bar at the Fairmont Hotel concocts a Ramos Gin Fizz.

1. 1 tablespoon powdered sugar
2. 3 dashes egg white
3. 3 dashes lemon juice and
4. 2 dashes orange flower water
5. 1 oz. Booth's Old Tom gin
6. 3 oz. milk
7. Add ice
8. Shake

"That's the Ramos Gin Fizz. That's one of the greatest drinks in New Orleans...the most famous drink of the city. It made the hotel famous. It made the whole city famous."
Whether he's laying down a funky blues shuffle in One Mo' Time or exploring the far-out realm of free jazz with Ramsey McLean and the Lifers, drummer Herlin Riley Jr. keeps a fire cooking under a band.

One of the young lions to emerge from the New Orleans music scene in recent years, at 27 Riley's reputation as a top-notch percussionist is reaching beyond his hometown to the far-flung corners of the jazz world. The diverse experiences of developing in the Crescent City have prepared Riley to handle many different musical challenges.

"I feel very fortunate coming from these surroundings whereby you have a chance to hear so many different kinds of music," said Riley during a conversation at his Lower Ninth Ward home. "New Orleans being a 'little big place,' everybody knows each other and all the musicians around town are like a family. It gives you a chance to play and be exposed to different kinds of music. Everybody's doing something different."

"There are so many people here who never even considered themselves musicians," he continued, "but still have this certain flair and feel and knack for making music."

Riley's roots run deep in New Orleans music. He is a member of the Lastie family which has produced many fantastic musical artists [his mom, Betty Ann, is a gospel-influenced singer]. "It started in church: that's where I got it, everything comes out of the church for me. My grandfather [Deacon Frank Lastie] is a drummer. He played with Louis Armstrong around 1918. My uncles were musicians, my mother plays piano and sings gospel music," said Riley, "so the gospel influence comes, naturally, out of the church. My jazz influence comes from my uncles because they had rehearsals at my grandparents' house and I was always there."

"They exposed me to jazz and R&B and as I got older and started maturing and studying music a little bit I started being exposed to other facets of music," Riley continued. "Each one was equally fascinating to me to learn and try to master."

The emphasis on family tradition is an integral part of the music that comes from New Orleans, and is in many ways responsible for the musical magic created here.

"A family is a family, it's a unit," said Riley. "It's like putting some liquid Jell-O into a bowl and sitting it in the refrigerator and watching it come together. This is how we've been all our lives. We were raised together, we all went to church together. We prayed together, ate together, slept together. That bond is unmatched. How can you match the bond between a brother and sister, mother and son?"

The Lasties had a family band, A Taste of New Orleans, which still plays occasionally, and Riley played trumpet in the group. He studied trumpet formally until he was 18. Although he always could drum naturally, he became a full-time drummer almost by a fluke.
Working as a trumpeter in a burlesque show on Bourbon Street as a teenager, Riley took over the drums when the band’s regular drummer quit because it was easier to break in a new trumpeter into the act. Having been with the band for a while, Riley already knew where the accentuates the dancer’s bums and grinds with the various percussive effects. From that point on, Riley kept getting more and more jobs requiring his drumming talents.

"I was very fortunate and blessed to have the natural ability to just kind of put together the rhythms that I heard, coordinate myself to play as time went on I developed and so far so good."

Riley considers his development as a percussionist. "When I worked with Johnny Bachemin I really came into my own as a drummer because in a trio situation, playing in a small group of players who are showing people what powerful talent is being nurtured in New Orleans."

"With young musicians like Herlin Riley around, there is certainly a bright future for American music."

"What I think of is making music. I don’t think of just playing the drums,” said Riley. “I’m sensitive to the people who are around me, who are playing music with me because I want to contribute to the cause and the cause is to make good music."

"To me, music is a universal language, it’s organized sound and silence. I never want to be stereotyped into anything. I didn’t want just to be a jazz drummer or rock drummer or just play 1920s music. I wanted to play it all and still do,” concluded Riley. “I still have as much pleasure playing ‘20s music as I do 1985 free jazz, funk whatever. It’s all music and it’s all joyful to me, it’s all happiness. It’s all about giving out happy feelings, whatever the mood is. That’s what is important. And that you make someone else happy as well."
Over the past three years it has become common for European musicologists to visit these shores and report on American blues and rhythm 'n' blues music. At times their thirst for information is seemingly insatiable. Books have been written and magazines founded just to report on their findings. Well, a recent vacation across the ocean allowed me to put the shoe on the other foot. I can't be sure, but this might well have been the first rhythm 'n' blues field trip taken to European soil by a visiting North American journalist.

Not surprisingly, American music is quite popular in Europe. New Orleans music in fact is probably more popular there than it is in New Orleans. Hardly a fortnight goes by without a new release emerging from the vaults of one of the past purveyors of New Orleans R&B or another obscure jazz session is unearthed and in the racks. There seems to be no lack of live R&B either—there are plenty of "revival" bands, as they're called, and a steady stream of visiting American musicians.

I'd heard that Dr. John was appearing in Europe during my visit and was delighted to see a full slate of club dates for him around London for the duration of my stay. Also it looked as if jazzman Slim Gaillard (one half of Slim and Slam) had taken up permanent residence, as he was playing three or four nights a week around town.

I was interested in hearing some of the British bands I'd recently heard on wax, namely the Mickey Jupp Band, Red Beans and Rice, the Chevalier Brothers, the Electric Bluebirds and particularly Diz and the Doormen, who were also backing Dr. John on a series of engagements. The main outlet for live R&B seemed to be the smaller clubs like Dingwalls, Dublin Castle, the Mean Fiddler, the Half Moon and the 100 Club. It seemed that any evening of the week there was something of interest to investigate at one of the clubs.

Eventually I succumbed to jet lag just before the pubs reopened (London pubs are open only between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. and 11 p.m.), so I was forced to contain my evening activities. Next morning, however, we were off after a spot of tea and a croissant to meet Ted Carroll at Ace Records.

To those of you not familiar with Ace, it is one of the major reissuers of blues, rockabilly, rock 'n' roll, country, and of course New Orleans R&B. They have four volumes of The Ace Story Out, plus LPs by Earl King, Frankie Ford, Ronnie Baron, Fats Domino and Huey Smith. We'd just missed a red beans and rice party in honor of their one hundredth album, by Huey "Piano" Smith and the Clowns, but Ted took time out from a busy day to "show off the place." Ace had just signed a deal to lease Specialty masters for release in Europe and that was the major project at the moment. I'd been commissioned via the mails to supply liner notes and photos for a Guitar Slim disc (sans the overdubs!), which I handed over forthwith. Ace had also received a stack of wild vintage photos of Little Richard for a future release, as well as ultra rare color slides of Elmore James from 1959.

Ace had also just leased an excellent recent session by our own Frankie Ford with a polished British band backing, Johnny and the Rooces. After exchanging tapes, the latest record industry gossip, and what's so-and-so doing, we planned to meet that evening at an Italian restaurant to do more of the same.

Over linguini and white wine, Ted continued to fill me in on the British record and live music scene. The British are really leaving no stones uncovered when it comes to reissuing vintage R&B sides. American companies that hold the rights to this material are more than willing to lease masters to Europeans for much less than what you'd imagine. The break-even point for a company like Ace is 3,000 LPs; if they do 5,000 they definitely have a hit and any more is what we would call lagniappe. So far for Ace their biggest sellers have been surprises, as both a George Jones rockabilly collection and an Arthur Alexander greatest hits package have become modest best sellers. Ted Carroll also plans a trip to Texas and Louisiana to have another go at the Starday and Ace catalogs quite soon, so watch out.

The next morning I went around the London "specialist" record shops, finding a number of items unavailable in America. By far the best shop I encountered was Dobell's on Tower Street, in the West End. The blues section is managed by Les Fancourt, who recently compiled the excellent Chess Blues Discography. If in London stop by because Les can fill the visitor in on upcoming gigs and the latest LPs from all corners of the globe.

For jazz aficionados, no trip to London would be complete without a visit to Ray's jazz shop on Shaftesbury Avenue. Not only is their selection of out-of-print albums as well as 78s.

One note about English record shops. As in some American cities, the rack contain only covers. If you want to purchase an album, you take the cover to the desk and ask them to give you the actual disc. Records aren't unnecessarily steep unless you're looking to buy an American issue. English LPs retail for around $7, while French and Scandinavian LPs are approximately $1.50 more. I picked up a Bobby Charles collection on English Chess, a Snooks Eaglin collection of Imperial singles on Sundown and a couple of old Storyville sides I'd long since lost.

All of the specialist shops are well-stocked with corresponding reading material. I picked up some excellent magazines including Picking The Blues, Roll Street Journal, Blues Unlimited, New Revolution, and New Backbeat. Even the biggest pizza chain in England, Pizza Express, prints its own music magazine, Jazz Express. Just about all of them are excellent and worth picking up.

We were also pointed in the direction of the Scala Cinema Club on Pentonville Road that had an excellent array of avant garde films. We caught the rock 'n' roll triple feature showing Rock Rock Rock, Go Johnny Go and The Girl Can't Help It.

Rock Rock Rock was one of those Allen Frey quickies from '56. It would have been completely forgettable if it weren't for cameos of Chuck Berry (motorvatin' on "You Can't Catch Me"), Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers ("I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent") and the Flamingo's.

Much better was Go Johnny Go (1958) starting...
Slate ordered rounds of bitters in a London pub and stomped his foot to Dr. John's fierce guitar.

Baton Rouge pretty boy Jimmy Clanton and Chuck Berry, Clanton acted and sang well, especially on Dr. John's "Ship On A Stormy Sea" and Earl King's "My Love Is Strong." But for my money the dance routines staged by the Cadillacs and the incredibly young Jackie Wilson stole the show. The final feature was the cult movie, The Girl Can't Help It, featuring Jayne Mansfield. Of course the real star was Little Richard, who performed the title tune from the top of a grand piano, upstaging even Jerry Lee Lewis.

The next evening, it was across the Thames to the Half Moon in Putney, to meet the renowned British bluesologist John Brown and to see our own Dr. John in concert. Thankfully, our host thought ahead and bought a round of tickets, as the show had been sold out for weeks, and I was quick to see why. Music at the Half Moon is presented in a "board room" behind the actual pub that looked to be about as big as a Size 14 Nike shoe box. Really it couldn't have been more than 100 x 100' and nearly 400 tickets were sold for the show. The room was so "proper" looking that one could well imagine cigar-puffing aristocrats once using the room to plot the expansion of the empire.

Inside, the room was packed and the air was thick with acrid cigarette smoke. It could have easily been Tipitina's on a July night, especially when someone in a Maple Leaf Bar t-shirt spilled his Guinness on my foot. The opening act was a competent London group that played competent versions of "Mardi Gras Mambo" and "The Rock and Roll Boogie-Woogie.

During the short intermission, we were introduced to the rest of Mr. Brown's party, including photographer Paul Harris, whose photos helped to grace Brown's book, South To Louisiana, and a very well-dressed Mr. Aris. Although we'd never met before we'd actually crossed paths with the Parres before as we visited New Orleans and attended the same Bobby "Blue" Bland recitals we had. That put us on common ground and we traded colorful stories concerning the likes of McKinley Mitchell and Bobby Rush. Mrs. Par, incidentally, is popstar Nick Lowe's sister, and a big fan of R&B, who catches all the touring acts.

Dr. John's set was to begin at 9 p.m. because like all London pubs, the Half Moon had to close at 11 p.m. His end of the show started agreeably with a version of "Iko Iko," with the same opening band providing the accompanying. Dr. John stuck to the hits pretty much, but it became apparent that the band was rather ill rehearsed and after about 30 minutes we were forced to find solace at the front bar once the set began falling apart.

However we still visited our man backstage after the evening's performance. Dr. John looked in good spirits as he explained he's just begun a month's worth of English shows to coincide with the release of a new album on the Spindrift label. We also discussed trying to bring some of the "New Orleans warhorses" over to England and his latest record. We agreed to meet before tomorrow evening's gig, with Diz and the Doorman at the Mean Fiddler, where he promised to "really be on." After bidding adieu to John Brown and promising to visit him in the South of England a few days later, we caught the "tube" back to London proper.

As it turned out, Dr. John did sound leagues better with Diz and the Doorman the next evening. But first a few notes on Diz. I was introduced to Diz and the Doorman via their great album, Blue Coat Man (Ace 54) which is nothing but unadulterated, foot-stomping, over-the-top New Orleans R&B. Diz even started a collection to buy a plaque to honor Professor Longhair which, if I'm not mistaken, serves as his grave marker. Actually I ran into Diz completely by accident at Dobell's Record Shop earlier in the week when he asked about the availability of Smiley Lewis albums. Surely only one man in England sports a massive handlebar moustache, a clams and blues t-shirt, their signature guitar& button and asks about Smiley Lewis records. It had to be Diz!

Diz's full name is Diz Watson, and he was born 36 years ago in South Africa. His father was in the merchant marine and often brought American records home by the likes of Fats Domino and Jack Dupree, which Diz attempted to copy. He recalls the first piece he learned to play was "Honky Tonk Train" by Albert Ammons.

He was first introduced to Professor Longhair through the Atlantic reissue album in the early Seventies and from Dr. John's Gumbo. As he explained, "there was no turning back after that." From then on he played with scores of R&B groups around London, sharpening his technique. In 1979, he actually got to meet Longhair, when he visited New Orleans and followed him around town. Besides Longhair, he also listens closely to James Booker, Tuts Washington, Eddie Boyd and Otis Spann.

The Doorman got their group early on, when they used to perform in bellhop uniforms, purchased from an old theatre! Today's version of the Doorman consists of Pete Scott, a fine bassman, Kieran O'Connor, an incredibly adept second line drummer, and Tommy Uor ("the guv'nor") on congas and miscellaneous percussion. Diz explained that even though his dates with Dr. John were lucrative, most of the solo London dates barely paid the rent. If he wanted to make real money he has to play in Scandinavia. Amazingly, they play across Toamasina, Florida, for about a month once a year to escape the British winter. He hopes to be able to visit New Orleans again, perhaps to play the New Orleans Jazz Festival.

Meanwhile back to the Mean Fiddler. When Dr. John showed up back stage he was in obvious good spirits. We discussed the merits of cricket while Tommy, Diz's conga player—a West Indian, and a proper looking English gentleman that served as Dr. John's manager, got into a heated discussion over a recent British-West Indian test match. Dr. John and myself came to the conclusion the game made no sense, even for New Orleanians. From there the subject switched to the demise of boxer Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini and to the upcoming Wimbledon tennis tournament. As the Doorman filed out on stage, Dr. John terminated the haggling by declaring, "Sure, McEnroe is good but he'll never be able to play guitar like Guitar Slim!"

Well, Diz sounded superb pounding through a set that included "Mardi Gras In New Orleans," "Mussarrourd," and "Somebody Done Changed the Lock On The Door." When it came time for Dr. John, he, too, took his turn. Taking Diz's spot behind the piano he launched into many of the same tunes from the night before but with much more fire and determination. When he switched to guitar, and Diz returned to the piano, the sparks really began to fly throughout the ten-minute rendition of Earl King's "Let The Good Times Roll." It was hard to tell who was having more fun, the people on the dance floor screaming for more or the band. For myself, I've grown accustomed to Dr. John's solo piano opuses of late, and actually have visited New Orleans, I left with one of my most pleasurable memories of the trip.

Next day I was off for a visit to Charly Records, probably the world's largest and most successful purveyor of reissue recordings. Presently Charly has the rights to Sun, SSS, Atlantic, Sansu, Goldband, Vee Jay, Jewel and a number of other important US labels for European packaging. (They have LPs by Earl King, Little Milton, Howl Smith and the Meters in their catalogs.) Charly's patron, John Luc Young, was gracious enough to show me around and discuss his label's success. Charly started small in the early Seventies and got lucky early in the game, when a couple of 1960's rockabilly tracks they licensed actually became British top 10 hits. They negotiated for rights to the Sun catalog and found success reissuing classic sides by Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Howlin' Wolf and many more. From there they've broadened their horizons and now have the rights to Atlantic, Roulette, Vee Jay, Muscle Shoals, and dozens of other catalogs. John Luc explained that many of the American record companies don't have the initiative to dig back into their vaults or they just really don't realize the potential. As John has grown to big to they would lose money if they released something that sold less than 30,000 copies.

Continued on page 28
TED NUGENT brings his lean, mean rock 'n' roll machine to the Amphitheatre at the World's Fair on August 31.

**LOUISIANA WORLD EXPOSITION**


Artworks '84: in the Convention Center/Great Hall. Through Nov. 17, every Thursday at 7, the music video, Bus Wash, The Cave in the Winery: 569-5071. Entertainment nightly, mostly rock bands Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10:00; no cover.

Coronet Stages: Convention Center, next to TV6. Call 566-2867 for information.


**CONCERTS**

Wednesday, 1

Eat to the Best, featuring Faux Pas. Noon, Tulane University Pool Patio. Information at 866-5141.

Wednesday, 8

Happy Together, a concert to bring back the dawn of psychokillia and garage-beat heaven (the American reaction to temporary British agrandissement of popular music and fashion being to immerse the collective consciousness in drugs and deeper into a spurious and suicidal bit of foreign policy)—yes, those wonderful Lyndon Johnson years. The participants are the Turles (one of whom, Howard Kayman, once married my cousin but that's another story). The Association, Gary Puckett and the Union Gap. Speckly and Our Gang: The Saenger. TicketMaster—and like the rides at the fair, due to static electricity those with pacemakers will be probed from attending, though ear-trumpets and walkers will no doubt be available, along with dry berry and soft snacks in the lobby.

Saturday, 11, Sunday, 12

Sylvia Pergilly, electronic music and laser projections; Longue Vue Gardens, 4.30. 596-4090.

Wednesday, 15

At Stewart, Steamer President. 10 p.m.

Friday, 17

Dead Kennedy's, an all-ages concert, no alcohol. Stereo, lighter fluid, Tichonors. O.J.'s. a barn of Pam or Rosendal. I guess some people like it, but they've had their proper's if they won't take a gander at Jello Biafra (mayor of San Francisco but never even mentioned as a possible running mate for Mondale in the flesh). Tipitina's: 8.30.

Sunday, 19

Duran Duran in concert from ABC Spotlight in NYC. AM 1220. 10:30 p.m. Don't even have to leave the house. Just sit at home by the Orthophonic with a can of Streets in 'Nips and a rat-tail corn.

Wednesday, 22

Billy Idol, (tentative) the man who has plugged George Fransu's Los Yaux sans visage to millions who never even heard of Fransu or Altda Yali or Pierre Bapouret; Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum. Information at 895-0601.

Saturday, 25

Dennis Williams and Kashif. Saenger. 8 p.m. TicketMaster.

The Cold, Steamer President. 10 p.m.

Sunday, 26

The Source: Twisted Sister, in concert. WQUE AM 1260. 10:30.

Tuesday, 28

Fleetstones: Echo and the Bunnymen. Steamer President. 10 p.m.

CONCERT SERIES

French Market Concerts, 3 to 5 p.m., Sat: Tommy, Yella's New Orleans Jazz Band, Sun: T & T's Royal Brass Band, Sat: 11, The Stray Cats, Sun: 12, the ageless Chester Zarris, Sat: 15, Frank Federico, Sun: 19, the Fabulous Stompers (aka the Eddie Voller going Down Syndrome), Sat: 23, Scott Hill's French Market Jazz Band, Sun: 26, Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band.

Jazz Band.

Jazz Diversions from the Lone Star, 10:30 p.m., Wed: Larry Janca at 8, Thurs: the Kenny Burrell Trio.

Random Diversions

1984 Mr. and Mrs. AAU Southern America Body Building Championship, Dreamer President, Mr. 1984, should be something, especially if composed of husband and wife teams, though the only ones we can think of in this week of real sculpture are Mr. & Mrs. Steve, two hunks of Africana.

Tiglina's Rent Party, Sun, Aug. 12, 4. Check your weapons at the door, be sure to pay your quarter, burn your leather on the floor, grab anybody's daughter, live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays.

Festivals

Wednesday, 1-Sept. 2
Kinder Sauce Piquante and Music Festival, Thelma and Louise, 734-0590, Information from Rick Clark, Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 853, Kinder 70648, (504) 885-2521.

Saturday, 11, Sunday, 12
Lafitte Seafood Festival, Information from Rita Otero, Jean Lafitte Civic Hall, P.O. Box 501, Lafitte, 70067, (504) 885-2521.

Original Red Beans and Rice Festival, Lafreniere Park, Metairie, Information from Claire Martin, 501 Tolmas Drive, Metairie 70002, 545-6687.

Wednesday-Sunday, 15-19
Delcambre Shrimp Festival, Delcambre, in which tribute is paid to these pricklyjack crabs, lake and river, brown and white information from Jacqueline Toups, 712 Main Street, Delcambre 70345, (504) 685-2053.

Out of Town

Aug-9-11
4th Annual Kansas City Blues Festival, with Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Big Bopper, Billy Childs, the Wild Magnolias, fashion plate hot mama Katie Webber, Benjamin Stabler, the Grand Emporium, Spare Time, Johnny Copeland, Chick Willis, Hail's version Airplane and The Thunderbirds, among others; contact Kansas City Blues Society, P.O. Box 3231, K.C., MO 64112.

Aug-5-12
Reggae Sunsplash Festival '84, Montego Bay, Jamaica, Yellowman, Freddi McGregor, Third World, Mutabaruka, and others; information from Guatemalan Travel Agency, Mamie Hillary, 525-4108.

Live Music

Andrew Jager's, 7605 Maple St., 861-0633, Nightly save Mondays, and from 8 until midnight save Sundays (5-10). Al Ferrill, formerly of The Counts, at the piano. Okay, it used to be the Binny's, Aula's Delange, West End Park, Wed: 1 and Thurs: Goodwave, Fri: 3 through Mon: Penny Lane; Thurs: The Diagonals, Wed: 8, Thurs: 9, Fri: 10 through Sun: 12. The Claque, Tues: 14, the Lemmings, preparatory baby dancing to their annual end-of-summer mass suicide. Wed: 16. Rainforest, Fri: 17 through Sun: 19, generic. Tues: 21, TBA, Wed: 22, Thurs: If. Call the club for the balance of the month's bookings.

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710, Sunday through Thurs: Larry Janca at 8, Fridays and Saturdays: Take Five at 10.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111, Wed: 1 through Tues: 7, Albert King, Wed: 8, Tues: 14, Lenny White, Wed: 19 through Tues: 21, the Kenny Burrell Trio.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 398-9000, Mondays and Wednesdays-Saturday, Mardis Gras.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 523-8830, Thursday through Sunday, the Gela Krye Band.

The Dreamer, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670, Mondays through Wednesdays, Mike Gasco.

Carrollton Station, 9140 Willow, Tues: Greg and Fingers' Taylor (the nickname 'Fingers' always strikes me funny, although it is appropriate for pianists or polypockets, since big hands are usually funny and creepy at the same time, be they Ichabod Crane's or Sigourney Weaver's). Sat, 11: Johnny J and the Hitmen. The Uprights.

Columnia Hotel, 3611 St. Charles, 885-9106, Wednesdays, Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (from charts by Neil Norman).

Dorothy's Madalinn, 3232 Orleans, Snake dancing, examples of adipose doro-rose in motion for Botero-eyes; women, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen, Mondays, Continental Drifters with Johnny Magine and free red beans and rice. Fri: 3, The Radiators with the chorus facit chef Sat: 4, Mason Ruffner, the Panic Bar, Fri: 10, J.J.D and the Jackets.


Dream Palace, 1801 Club, 367-9670, Wednesdays through Saturdays, Judy Dugan occupies the piano bench from 9 until midnight save Sundays (5-10), Pat Mitchell, at the same hours, and again during the week from 5 to 7.


544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611, Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Friends, G&M, from 9 to 10, Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

Pete Fountain's, 325-4374, Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Onzebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 862-0662, Alfresco, ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

O'Leary's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412, Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays.

Meryl Streep gives herself a facial: the photographs of Annie Leibovitz will be shown at A Gallery of Fine Photography through September 7.
This used to be the Beaconette but now is Becky's because it sounds like a coffeehouse folk duo, 524-4299. Mondays and Saturdays: A Night Lendmerk Hotel, 524-7615. Johnny Rusk's alternators.

Chant, Cruisers, Frozen Tears (cry-sicles?). Laurin and Nancy Munsch. At 9 and 11 Wed. 8: The Vital Functions. Thurs. 9: The Focus of Habit. Evenings, Sandy Hanson materializes in the a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays. Thursday: Forty Cups

Becky and Ricky and lest you be deceived Monday through Saturday.

Old W•velength New Orleans, with Becky Allen Bourbon, 760-8379. For information.

To shut-ins and convalescents coast to coast, the home of the Frankie Allen Publishing Company, 525-5566. Every day except Sat., 10-2.

Modern jazz, good raw oysters.

Throughout the season of palmetto fans and Japanese lanterns and bug lights.

contemporary Art Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through September: The National Women's Art Exhibition, honoring the contributions of women of the last 20 years by the likes of classical sculptress Harriet Hosmer, surrealist Alice Neel, painter Dorothea Lange, abstractionist Lee Krasner, critics Doro Ashton and Barbara Rose, and historians of modern art, such as Maud Karpeles, the art critic would be a less interesting thing (these women may not be in the show, but just observe the extent of the variety of American women's artistic accomplishment).

drummers. Thurs. 31: Albert Bianco, the Wagon Train Band.

Tuesday, Friday and Sundays, E.L.S.

Avenue Qallery, 526-1002. Through Sept. 7. Anni Lefebvre's Portraits of Parisian Garri

when this show's paper work as best during the month of September 1884-1935, photos and souvenirs from the Cotton Centennial Exposition, etc.


Every day except Saturday: A Night Lendmerk Hotel, 524-7615. Johnny Rusk's alternators.

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Tuesday, Friday and Sundays, E.L.S.
Hew,

Old ling by itinerant Jesuits, either.

895-8731. Through August: a group show at Park, Century Jewish neighborhood gone wrong)

524·7242. Call Mr. Masters, ascetic purity of great

525·3095. Ranked in order of their importance, to no one's

P•tl•h O•ll•rr, Mickeline Pre

s le in France when it appeared in 1966 for

such creatures were the melancholiac Philip

Tom..Jones·itis period when everyone seemed to have

movies about the bawdy Age of

ment, to no one's

Biblical epic (Orson Welles playing

488·2631.

4119 Magazine,


Ruby's Road House, 840 Lamarrage, Mandeville, 1-692-9001.

Rusty Nai, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

Seacott's, 1205 Broadway, Lafayette, 318-436-8742.


Steak and Lobster Inn's Fireside

Pub, 520 E. King's Highway, Shreveport,

1303 Grimmett Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-0003.

Tales on the Hill.

318-222-9903.

A Jesuit map of the Mississippi with funny little bisons drawn on the margins where they were spotted, and much more. At the time of the map's making, the map-drawing of the museum's work dealing with that big bit of water to your left, and not drawn by itinerant Jesuits, either.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3608 Magazine, 895-6731. Through August: a group show of


500-6800. Seats 2000!

Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-3877.

The Bride Wore Black—"You think I'm funny?''

THEATRE

Tulhe, 361 Highland Road, Baton Rouge, 337-9533.

In this fourth volume of his projected seven-volume

Po... An Oscar, though not as Best

Fri.10 through Thurs.16: Madonna and Her Detectives. Thurs.17 through Sun.5: Confidentially, Yours, a Paris pub-thriller base material (as did such lesser efforts as Mississippi Mermaid and The Bird with Blood—"as usual, the men seem to understand nothing, and the women, if not exactly很有錢, 但至少 still not to understand"

Carolyn Leigh, and Ed McBain aren't right

Don't you deezuz, and maybe not very much, it's

Sun.12:

Sun.26:

Harlem

Carl

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SAT 18 — Beaushelle

FRI 24 — Radiators

FRI 25 — Good Wave

FRI 31 — T.B.A

August 1984 / Wavelength 27
critic," Dave Williams (whose claim to immortality is that he lent Jimmy Page the blues records Page ripped off to make the early Led Zeppelin hits) and we motored back into London to catch some live music and consume an East Indian meal.

It was explained that East Indian food is the closest thing in England to the highly spiced Creole cuisine revered by both Broven and Williams. Musically, we heard Pete Thomas and Deep Sea Sixers, a rather adept R&B combo. Pete is an ex-Doorman who plays a pretty mean tenor sax. Besides his own jumpy tunes, e.g., "Sausage, Beans, Onions and Gravy" (how's that for British R&B?), the combo played good covers of "Harlem Nocturne" and a number of Louis Jordan tunes, accentuated by Thomas playing on his back on the front table.

As the evening ended early at 10:30, we returned to Dave Williams' house and shot pool while we listened to one of his two jukeboxes, stocked with the likes of 'Who Shot The La-La?' and 'Take Me To The River,' until midnight or so.

Next day it was off to the less musical environs of Chester in Northern England to see the sights. Nevertheless, I managed to sniff out a record fair where I purchased some British-issued Fats Domino LPs and some books I'd been looking for.

Once it was back to Manchester, I was impressed by some of the street musicians in Paris whose music ranged from classical guitarists to an old man playing 'The Saints' on a foot-long harmonica. They all got a franc from me.

I did stop by EMI-Pathe Marconi Records to visit Giles Petard, who possesses one of the world's largest R&B record collections and who spearheads the excellent reissue projects presented by Pathe-Marconi. It is my opinion that Monsieur Petard has the most enviable job on earth. Besides being well up the ladder at one of the world's largest record companies, he flies off to Los Angeles periodically to listen to unreleased Smiley Lewis tapes and plans what gets put on the market. He also jets off to any parts of Europe to promote the latest EMI releases (Tina Turner at present) or to complete some business for the label. Petard has plans for thirteen new albums culled from the vaults of Imperial and Aladdin, including issues by Sugar Boy Crawford, Smiley Lewis, another Dave Bartholomew, The Hawks, T-Bone Walker, Joe Turner, and many more. He also pointed out that packaging is extremely important when considering reissue LPs as the collectors are far more appreciative of informative notes, vintage photos and graphics. Petard has little hopes of getting a hit but pointed out that all of Pathe-Marconi's releases have made available great music to the general public once again. Hear Hear!

I also popped into a few record shops on Giles Petard's recommendation, the best being Oldies But Goodies, USA Records and Boogie. The latter is also the home of the excellent French magazine Soul Bag, and I met the editor Pierre Dauguerre who gave me a handful of copies of his excellent publication, including one that featured great cover photos of Elmore James. I found some hard-to-find Japanese Specialty LPs inside the shop and an unknown Roy Brown disc.

As time wore on, even I grew tired of record hunting and chasing music (although I did get to meet transplanted guitarist Mickey Baker) so I settled down to taking in a very beautiful city, ending my musical field trip but not my vacation. C'est la vie.
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"We must not become complacent over any success," Chairman Mao Tse-tung wrote in 1943. "We should check our complacency and constantly criticize our shortcomings, just as we should wash our faces or sweep the floor every day to remove the dirt and keep them clean."

Our own resident revolutionaries, the Red Rockers, have been doing a bit of house-cleaning lately. To the basic cadre of guitarist/vocalist John Griffith, Irish drummer Jim Riley and bassist Darrell Hill, the group has added Marrero guitarist Shawn Paddock and keyboardist Gary Attardo, formerly of the Models (Mike Margotta, yet another son of the land of Raphael and Iulo Calvino, will replace Attardo in the Models). The Rockers' third album, Schizophrenic Circus, produced by Rick Cheroff (the man who made Cyndi Lauper what she is today—no, he's not her hairdresser!), will be released in September and will include 8 new original tunes and a cover version of Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction" (an appropriate idea for these times although someone else—we can't remember who at the moment—already did a reprise of this ditty). Why not cover Sgt. Barry Sadler's "The Ballad of the Green Berets" and go for the ironic market?). Among the guest stars on Schizophrenic Circus are "psychedelic banjoist" Rob Hyman of the Hooters (the composer of Ms. Lauper's "Time After Time"), fiddler/bagger John Caulfield, synth-sensation Peter "Year of the Cat" Wood, and former British prime minister Winston Churchill, who talks but does not sing. Oley's "Lights! Camera! Action!" Sassone will direct the requisite videos.

Out now on Revenge Records (the label's logo is a bleeding eyeball) is "Revenge of the Monsters," a four-song EP from the Monsters ("those Mutant Music-men from Modern Metry"), produced by Arthur George Parr (his mom call him "A.G."). The Phil Spektor of Jefferson Parish. Those expecting the Cramps or the Fleshbeaters should look elsewhere; those in need of solid pop (or "Pop-ola," as Parr dubs it) have exhumed the right coffin. The best number, "Born Erect," is a swell sendup of Bruce "Buns" Springsteen, right down to the cascading piano. The players include James "Bubba" Clement, George Neyrey, Robert Simmons, Brent Roser, Mike Neyrey, Jimi Ray, Vic Saladino, and Ayne Nolan, appearing as "the Nurse." Sci-fi art whiz Richard Ory contributed the tasteful illustrations, which depict three revolutionaries protruding from the skull of a woman, the same woman ripping her eyeballs out and finally, the woman's head exploding like Vesuvius—exactly how we often feel these days.

Linda Ronstadt, "an overtly sexual person" (according to John Rockwell, cf., "Stranded: Rock and Roll For A Desert Island"), recently told CBS News that one of the biggest thrills of her life was jumping on stage with the Neville Brothers at the World's Fair. Linda also said that the Valence Street gang is her "favorite group in the world."

Meanwhile, Neville-ization, the band's current live-at-Tipitina's disc is selling like Belgian waffles. Our Department of Corrections would like to point out that, despite the kudos delivered by Vincent Fumar in the Times-Picayune concerning the album's sterling sound qualities, much of the credit should go to Texas engineer Larry Wallace, who did a masterful job of tidying up Glenn Himmbaugh's recordings, which were a mere ragged. You can't always read what you believe on the back of album jackets, kids!

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